

A JC Penney catalog from 1977. It's not often blog fodder just falls in my lap, but holy hell this was two solid inches of it, right there for the taking. I thumbed through it quickly and found my next dining room set, which is apparently made by adding upholstery to old barrels:



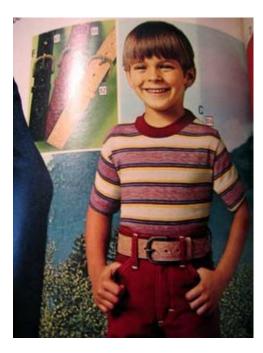
Also, I am totally getting this for my bathroom:



There's plenty more home furnishings where those came from, however I'm not going to bore you with that. Instead, I'm going to bore you with something else. The clothes.

The clothes are *fantastic*.

Here's how to get your butt kicked in elementary school:



Just look at that belt. It's like a boob-job for your pants. He probably needed help just to lift it into place. The belt loops have to be three inches long. And way to pull them up to your armpits, grandpa.

Here's how to get your butt kicked in high school:



This kid looks like he's pretending to be David Soul, who is pretending to be a cop who is pretending to be a pimp that everyone knows is really an undercover cop. Who is pretending to be 15.

Here's how to get your butt kicked on the golf course:



This "all purpose jumpsuit" is, according to the description, equally appropriate for playing golf or simply relaxing around the house. Personally, I can't see wearing this unless you happen to be relaxing around *your cell in D-block*. Even then, the only reason you should put this thing on is because the warden made you, and as a one-piece, it's slightly more effective as a deterrent against *ss-rapery.

Here's how to get your butt kicked pretty much anywhere:



If you look at that picture quickly, it looks lik e Mr. Bob "No-pants" Saget has his hand in the other guy's pocket. In this case, he doesn't, although you can tell just by looking at them that it's happened - or if it hasn't happened it will. Oh yes. It will. As soon a s he puts down his matching coffee cup.

Here's how to get your butt kicked at the beach:



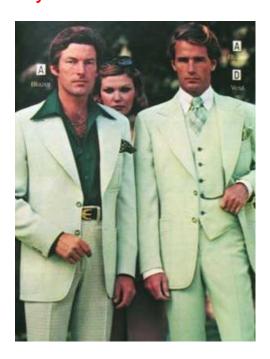
He looks like he's reaching for a gun , but you know it's probably just a bottle of suntan lotion in a holster.

How to get your butt kicked in a meeting:



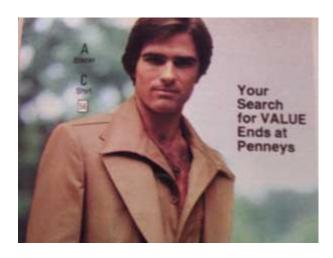
If you wear this suit and *don't* sell used cars for a living, I believe you can be fined and face serious repercussions, up to and including termination. Or imprisonment, in which case you'd be forced to wear that orange jumpsuit.

How to get your butt kicked on every day up to and in cluding St . Patrick's Day



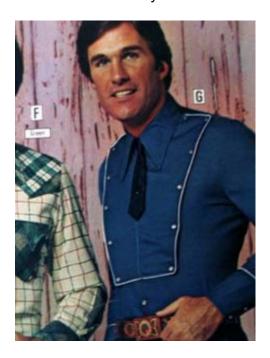
Dear god in heaven, I don't believe that color exists in nature. There is NO excuse for wearing either of these ensembles unless you're working as a body guard for the Lucky Charms leprechaun.

In this next one, Your Search For VALUE Ends at Penneys.



As does your search for chest hair.

And this -- Seriously. No words.



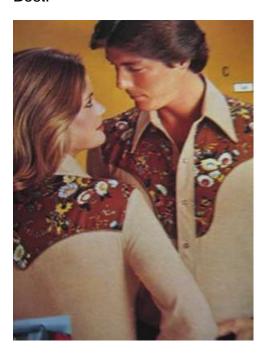
Oh wait, it turns out that there *are* words after all . Those words are *What. The.* H^{***} . I'm guessing the snap front gives you quick access to the chest hair. The little tie must be the pull tab.

Also, judging by the sheer amount of matching his/hers outfits, I'm guessing that in 1977 it was considered pretty stylish for couples to dress alike. These couples look happy, don't they?





I am especially fond of this one, which I have entitled " Cowboy Chachi Loves You Best."



And nothing showcases your everlasting love more than the commitment of matching bathing suits. That, and a blonde girl with a look on her face that says "I love the way your junk fights against that fabric."



Then, after the lovin', you can relax in you r one-piece matching terry cloth jumpsuits:



I could go on, but I'm tired, and my eyes hurt from this trip back in time. I think it's the colors. That said, I will leave you with these tasteful little numbers:



Man, that's sexy.